or of my native land to my own selfish an awful dread of their visits. But those IR WOMEN IN THE WAR.

UNTO THE BITTER END! E UNFALTERING FAITH OF A FAIR

rida Saxon, of Clarendon Co., S. C., in Charleston Weekly News. n the Female Seminary in Tallahasse evy of girls was gathered, on a bright ter morning in 1861, around a dark-red maiden who had mounted a bench with flushed cheeks and shining eyes making what the girls called a "Se-ion" speech, but which was in reality cfence of her native State of South lina. The school was about equally ided in sentiment, part being in favor the Union and part for Disunion; and more impassioned earnestness than

these impulsive young creatures. tie Weston was the speaker on this asion. "Who would be a thrall of the nkee," she said; "who in this crowd" poking scornfully around—"dares blame the noble old State of South olina for rising in her might and owing off the oppressor's yoke. I ry in her pluck; I am glad that she the first to shake herself free from galling shackles of tyranny, and I am nd to know that my adopted State, beautiful Land of Flowers, was not win stepping to her side. I have five thers. I wish they were all old high to fight!" So carried away was by her enthusiasm, she did not notice one of the teachers had entered and i listening with a look of intense sement on his face, until a slight stir that part of the hall caused her to look and, and observing the arch smile on lips, she sprang from her perch and rered her face with both hands to hide burning blushes. The ringing of bell now called them to books, and the study and recitation of lessons all was for a time forgotten.

her country's honor stood the test. loved by her and scarcely yet old bugh to enlist, ranged themselves at e call of their country among the de-iders of the South, did she flinch from trial? Did her heart fail and her triotism grow cool? No; she was loyal her heart's core. When she saw them ing forth in all the confidence of youth ben, rushing to her chamber, gave vent her mingled feelings. "Oh God," she ed, "be with my darling brothers, and Vhen the battle of Seven Pines was ht, her eldest brother, while gallantng forward, caught his brother's fall-body, laid it tenderly down, and, ping his sword from the fast relaxing ers, waved it above his head and nge your captain's death !" aght with the fury of desporation, and the clear of the day he too lay bleeding blest sons. But thy liberty must be bieved-my country must be free!"

is was but one among thousands of ilar instances. THE SOLDIER'S RELIEF SOCIETY. The brave and loval daughters of the every pore, sat not down in idleness. here was work to be done, and they did The elderly ladies formed themselves to a "Soldier's Relief Society," and the ounger ones were united in another ader the direction of a matron. Conrts, tableaux and festivals were given arn were purchased, which busy fingers on fashioned into clothing and socks t one time the news was brought that a entucky regiment had been cut off om their homes and were suffering rribly from the cold. Soon the Senate namber, where the society used to meet, as a scene of activity. All day they itched away on coats, pants and shirts, ad when the shades of evening sent lem home the "click," "click" of the bitting needle could still be heard. ainty fingers that had never known ugher work than the hemming of camic ruffles or the manufacture of delicate ce, were busily making the coarse cotitering: the call was urgent: a box ust be sent off. In every pair of socks as placed the name of the donor, gether with a verse of poetry, a tract, a note containing words of sympathy the socks was acknowledged-and very return by these brave Kentuckians. eir homes and friends, seemed deeply ateful for the kindness of these daugh rs of the far South. FIELD. But we must not lose sight of the he-

NDING HER LOVER TO THE BATTLE ne oft his sketch. We meet her again 1863, not the flery little orator, not as e proud, fond sister sending her young others forth to battle for their rights, or yet as the busy worker in the Relief ociety. See her as she leans upon the ociety. See her as she leans upon the m of a handsome young soldier, while e pours forth the tale of his love. The ush which comes and goes upon her licate cheek, tell us that he does not to in vain. But now he is pleading for a early marriage: "Why should we ait, love? Why not unite our lives and be happy while we may? I will have a constant and the control of the contro ire a substitute and we can enjoy at east a session of happiness, and should obsequent events compel me to leave on, it will be so sweet to know that I ave a dear little wife at home praying or me." The tender light in her eyes arows tenderer as her heart thrills to the usic of his words. But she does not orget the cause that is so dear to her eart. Proudly raising her eyes to his be replies: "Do not not not made me more." ould you for one moment think of leavg your country's cause in the hands of irelings in this, her hour of darkness and suffering? No, not God only knows.

ow bitter to me will be the parting. at I cannot detain you one hour from er service. Go; bravely do your duty; and when the war is over and our liberes achieved, as I do not for one moment oubt they will be, come back and you lill find me true, and I are sure you will ot love me less that I preferred the hon-

THE "BOMBPROOF" SKULKER,

While the girls were doing all in their power to cheer and assist the soldiers in the army, it is surprising that they showed no mercy to those who shirked showed no mercy to those who shirked their duty. Henry Jackson was a strong, hale and remarkably bandsone fellow who had what was called a "bombproof" office, one which exempted him from office, one which exempted him from service. Naturally enough he imagined that he would have a fine time with the girls, as the other boys were all away. But it did not take them very long to undeceive him. He was captivated by the charms of our fair Katie, and though the charms of our fair Katie, and though he had been repeatedly tainted by her with his want of bravery, his vanity was such he did not seem to doubt that he would ultimately become the possessor of her hand and fortune.

One evening at a social gathering a party of young people were standing round the piano singing the "Bonnie Blue Flag." Katie was the performer. After the last verse had been sung, she continued in a clear voice, with a distinct utterance and with a significant nod at young Jackson, who was standing near:

"And now, young man, a word to youIf you would win the fair,
Go to the field, where honor dwells,
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Aro for the true and brave,
And that our tears shall fall for these
Who fill a soldier's grave."

This was too would coming for

This was too much, coming from her, and the laugh that followed plainly showed him that he had no sympathy in that company. His check flushed hotly with mortification and anger, and turning abruptly on his heel he seized his bat and hurried from the house, having at last learned the lesson that Katle had for some time hear trying teach that had for some time been trying to teach him.

THE WAR TASKS OF WOMEN Though times continued to grow darkwomen never despaired. They er our women never despaised. They united steadily in working to alleviate as much as possible the sufferings of our soldiers. A number of them visited the hospital, ministering to the sick and wounded there. I have in my mind one dear old lady who daily went with her Bible and a basket of fresh flowers, and often a more substantial offering. Many often a more substantial offering. Many an eye brightened as she approached and many a blessing followed her when she departed. She delighted in pointing the suffering soldier to the Saviour she loved. The good seed, sown there by her, will doubtless bear fruit in eternity.

A "wayside home" was established at the depot where passing soldiers were supplied with substantial meals, accomas a strength, a deathly faintness seized heart. With pale and trembling heart with resolute glance and a ght smile, she waved a farewell, and but not until the battle of Olustee was fought did the women of Tallahasse realize fully the horrors of the war. ed, "be with my darling brothers, and ile upon my country's cause." What dreary feeling of apprehension filled heart, and yet what a glow of pride and, gathered in groops of three or four, the ladies might be found scraping lint. When the cars commenced bringing in When the cars commenced bringing in When the telegraph announced the result of the battle a call was made for lint. then might be seen pale and stricken faces, then were heard wails of agony. One noble young man who had just a short time before led to the altar a lovely bride was brought home to her in his coffin. Husbands, brothers, sons and friends were borne home to their loved ones, martyrs to the cause. Nearly every private house was opened to receive the wounded Confederates. The public buildings were converted into temporary hospitals for the prisoners. The woundbight with the fury of desperation, and the clear of the day he too lay bleeding ounded seriously but not fatally. Ah! was the sister's patriotism put to its verest test. Orushed like a flower she y moaning in her agony. "Oh my untry, the crifice is indeed great. by freedom will be dearly bought when a price is paid in the life blood of thy blest sons. But thy liberty must he life the desperation of the prisoners. The wounded negro prisoners were taken to the Seminary, and on the very spot where Katie had delivered her "Secession" speech were stretched the burly black forms of the captured and suffering foc. Those walls which had so often resounded with mirth of happy school-girls now echoed groans and even shrieks as the knife of the surgeon mercilessly cut its knife of the surgeon mercilessly cut its way into the quivering flesh. A victory had been gained, the enemy repulsed and the threatened invasion checked at least, but still a pall of gloom enveloped the whole community. The scenes of hor-ror by which they were surrounded, and perhaps the dark shadow of coming events, combined to fill all hearts with

A VISIT FROM INSOLENT RAIDERS. Mr. Weston now deemed it prudent to retire farther into the enterior; nccordingly we find him with his family on his plantation in Southwestern Georgia.

The enemy soon after invested Tallabassee, and plundering parties were sent out in all directions, carrying terror and want wherever they went. Mr. Weston, acwherever they went. har, weston, ac-companied by two of his boys, left home early one morning to attend to business at some distance from home. While the rest of the family were seated at dinner a servant came rushing in crying, "The Yankees are coming! They are at the Yankees are coming! They are at the gate!" Soon they came stamping rudely in, five in number, four negroes commanded by a white corporal. Seating themselves at the table they ordered coffee and immediately commenced an at-tack upon the dinner from which the family had just risen. The servants had fled. Mrs. Weston, overcome by her fears; sank nearly fainting into a chair and poor Katie was the only one left to do their bidding. Though the indignant blood was tingling through her veins, she felt that she was in their power, and had no alternative but to obey their insolent

rands. When they had finished ir meal the leader, whose bold loc's had, from time to time, been cast upon her, rose and with outstretched arms approached her and exclaiming, "Now, my pretty one, give me a kiss and then let us proceed to business. There is a foraging party behind; we rode on to reconnoitre. But be good and quiet and we will let you off with just two kisses apiece." With blanched cheeks and lips but blazing eyes she confronted him like a tigress at bay. "Coward," she said, "have you no spark of honor in your breast? How dare you to insult a lady!" With a coarse laugh he seized her in his arms, but at the same instant a stunning blow sent him reeling to the wall. The approached her and exclaiming, blow sent him reeling to the wall. The blow was dealt by his superior officer whose approach had been unperceived by the group. Sternly he ordered the bru-tal wretches from the house, and turning to the ladies expressed the deepest regret at the manner in which they had been treated, politely assuring them that they should not be farther molested if it was in his power to prevent it. Still, he said, he had been sent out with orders to said, he had been sent out with orders to seize provisions of every kind; he was compelled to obey orders, and, unpleasant as was the task, he was obliged to ask them for their keys. With trembling fingers Katie handed them to him, and then commenced a scene of plunder. Smoke-house, pantry, barn, fowl-house, and in fact the whole place was ransacked, and when at last they took their departure, scarcely enough was left to maintain the family two days.

an awful dread of their visits. But those dreadful negro wretches, whose very look betokened their brutal natures, caused an indefinable thrill of horror and loathing, by their presence, to women who had been reared in an atmosphere of refinement and whose lives had been tenderly guarded from everything coarse. Though our friends suffered much from privation and still more from a constant dread of further outrage, they were mercifully shielded from actual suffering and violence. They could receive no direct communication from the seat of war. Vague rumors came to them of defeat and disaster, but Katie's cheerfulness and unswerving faith in the success of the cause kept up their spirits. She considered it treason even to hint at the possi-bility of failure. Her sanguine spirit would not entertain a doubt of the final issue. Woman like, she clung to and trusted in the cause she loved, even when cooler and wiser heads clearly saw the impending doom and prepared themselves for the inevitable stroke. Even in the darkest hours her hopes were bright and firm, and when the blow came, it found her all unprepared. When she heard the announcement "Lee has surrenderthe announcement "Lee has surrendered!" her very soul seemed to slagger beneath the blow. All her fond hopes were dashed to earth. The cause was lost for which she had worked and suffered and prayed, and for which she felt that she could have severed the dearest ties of earth and even have offered her own heart's blood. For a time it seemed as if her very faith in Heaven was shaken. Angry and rebellious thoughts filled en. Angry and rebellious thoughts filled her breast, and even the presence and safety of her lover failed to comfort her. But there is a friend who sympathizes with us in our sor: ows and pities the

with us in our sorrows and pities the weakness of our human nature. So when He whispered in her ear: "What I do thou knowest not now but shalt know hereafter," the waves of her grief subsided and she was able to say "Thy will be done!" But the awful stroke left her with a sore and wounded heart,

These lines may seem sensational, but they truly record the heart history of one whose hopes were bound up in the success of the Cause that was dearer to her than life-one who has since pas through many bereavements and trials. but who, looking back, records the day above described as the most hopelessly dreary one of her life.

There is a Future. A future state of existence is a necessity as well as a certainty, for it involves the question of man's immortality and dual nature. This is a frail tenement, and must soon decay and fall to pieces, but there is a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens, that shall remain forever. It cannot be that this troubled scene of sorrow, care and pain-this battie-field of man's passions and prejudices, is to abide forever and be our perpetual home, the promised rest of life's weary pilgrims. It is not pleasant to contemplate our earthly existence as a mere bubble, a fading phantom, an evanescent dream, the foot-ball of time and the plaything of the centuries, cast up by chance or thrown into being by Omnipotence for no more stable or worthy pur pose than to float a moment on the crested bosom of the stormy waves, and then explode and sink into the deep dark sea of oblivion or unremembered nonentity. If it be so, how can we account for those divine longings and aspirations driver in front. With a glib-tongued which swell up in the soul and leap like Jehu, on a fine day, it forms certainly g angels of hope from the living temple of the human heart; restless yearnings for immortality? Why is it that the twinkling stars that hold high festival round the jeweled throne of night are placed beyond our reach and the compressions with the far-famed Blarney Stone, said to placed beyond our reach and the compressions with the far-famed Blarney Stone, said to placed beyond our reach and the compressions with the far-famed Blarney Stone, said to placed beyond our reach and the compressions with the far-famed Blarney Stone, said to placed beyond our reach and the same and the day, it forms certainly a send not unpleasant means of travelland not unpleasant means of travell hension of our fluite faculties, forever eluding our possession and tantalizing and mocking our immortal longings and nalia of their unattainable beauty and unapproachable surroundings? It cannot, it must not be. There is a higher ife beyond, a nobler and more satisfying sphere of existence, where all our hopes will be realized and faith be lost in sight. There is a divinity that stirs within us, that tells of the spirit land and points out a hereafter to man in terms which be cannot mistake.

Why is it that the beauties of the sen tinel stars that set their watch in the skies are placed just above our reach, and the bewitching courses of dear friends and the bright forms of beauty and loveliness are torn from our embraces and the narrow house of clay, leaving the thousand warm gulf streams of fond affection to strike the icebergs and flow back in Arctic torrents upon our bereaved and desolate hearts? It all proves beyond the reach of successful controversy that there is a hereafter, a bright realm beyond the cold river where the loved and lost are awaiting us, where parting will be unknows, and where the reinbow of realized hopes never fades; where the jeweled stars that never set, and resplen-dent beauties that never grow dim, will be spread out before our enraptured vision like the green islands that slumber on the peaceful bosom of the atorm-less ocean of eternity. There the stars and the rainbow and the myriad forms of beauty which passed away from us here, like the early dew and the morning cloud, will stay in our presence forever,

In the Sick Room.

Never stand at the foot of a sick bed and survey the patient. All figures loom large to fevered eyes, and by the side of the bed are only partly seen, and do not annoy with the sense of too much pres-Do not open the door very slowly, for then the attention is strained speculating as to who the next comer can be after all this preparation and with such cautious approach, generally creaking.

Low, not clear tones, quiet but sure movements, not tiptoeing, and rapid rather than slow, are a great relief to any patient who is blessed with a practical nurse. Whispering is a torture; silence is best room; but if you must, speak out and make no mysteries about anything. In severe rickness the nurse must watch the ng. In convalescence it frequently seated at the window, appearing to be looking out. This frees the faculties from the tension that the sense of being watched unusually gives, and also quiet

— A rich young chap of Natick, Mass., went to a livery stable pretty drunk and ordered a team. While they drunk and ordered a team. While they were harnessing the horse he climbed into the carriage and went to sleep. They let him sleep a couple of hours when he awoke and, declaring that he had taken a good, quiet ride, called attention to the fact that he hadn't abused the horse, but on the contrary had given him an oat bait at the Newton Falls Hotel, paid the hills, and under his direction we have deliars for the tour and went off three dollars for the tour and went off went on, past Kate Karney's cottage, satisfied.—Boston Post.

where a lineal descendant of the only

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Correspondence of the Intelligencer.

The American, landing for the first time in Ireland, will find much to interest him. The climate, although in about the same latitude as Labrador on the American side, is warm and moist and very favorable to the growth of all kinds of vegetation. The gulf stream, sweeping across the Atlantic and striking on the southern and western shores of the island, makes snow and ice almost unknown and frost in many localities a rarity. The people are courteous and obliging, at times almost to obsequiousness, but the lower classes are a race of beggars. Many causes, such as absentee landlordism etc., have been assigned for the present condition of the Irish people and doubtless all have had some bearing upon it; but the fact remains that their greatest enemy at home as well as elsewhere is strong drink. In towns, villages and cities, "Wine Stores," "Spirit Stores," "Grocery and Spirit Stores." etc., as well as the less pretentious "Shebeen" houses are very numerous; but we were glad to learn that strong, organized effort on the part of the better element of the people is doing much to essen this evil. Throughout all Ireland America is regarded a land of promise, if not the promised land; and we were repeatedly interviewed by parties who contemplated trying their fortunes in the western world. The inexorable law of supply and demand has reduced the price of labor here to such an extent that the working classes very naturally look with longing towards the high prices in the "States." The following, which we clip from the Belfast News Letter of May 13th, 1884, will give some idea concern-ing the prices of farm labor.

"Antrim Hiring Fair.—The half-yearly fair was held yesterday. Farm servants were scarce, not nearly equal to the domand, resulting in advanced wages. Ploughmen got from 17 to £10 10s for the half-year; men, from £6 to £9; boys, from £2 to £6; girls, from £1 10s to £3; women, from £3 to £5 10s." Centuries of oppression and unjust rule

this naturally intelligent and often bril-liant people that it is but natural that they should look beyond their much loved "Erin" for opportunities for devel-

inside Cork harbor and aside from its use as an order station and the calling of ocean steamers for mails and passengers, s not of much importance and pos nothing of interest to the tourist. Cork, about 12 miles up the harbor, is a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and the principal business centre of southern Ireland. It is a very old city and many of its streets and buildings are quaint and antiquated in their appearance. It is divided into two parts by the river Lee, and on the north side of the river is located Shando Church, with

"The bells of Shandon,
That sounded so grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee." Blarney Castle, seven miles northwest Irish institution which must be seen to be appreciated. It is a two-wheeled vehicle, with high springs and the seats just over the wheels, facing outward; the passengers sitting back to back with the driver in front. With a glib-tongued Lehu on a fine day it forms certainly a possess miraculous powers, giving to those whose lips touch it that oily, persuasive eloquence so hard to resist; it being an old saying that whoever had kissed the Blarney Stone "could coax a potato away from a pig." The stone itself is at the bottom of the battlement, which rises from butresses outside the main wall, about two feet below its top and nearly 100 feet from the ground. It formed originally the support between two of the buttresses; but it is now held in place by two iron clamps which bind it to the battlement above. An opening between the battlement and the wall allows visitors to risk their necks in leaning down and out to reach this won drous stone. The drive to and from the castle is through a very picturesque country, but the low, thatched stone hovels of the peasantry give evidence of abject poverty which is not pleasant to

From Cork to Killarney is a ride of about three hours by rail and the tourist is at no loss for novelties to amuse himself with. The cars are not like American railway coaches, open from end to end with an aisle through the centre but are divided into sections crosswise with the seats facing each other and doors at each end of the sections opening outward. They are divided into first, second and third classes, the principal difference being in the upholstering; as sections in all three classes are frequently found in the same car. The trains take the left track in passing instead of the right as in America, and the same rule holds good for all vehicles on the highways.

The lakes of Killarney are surrounded by some of the most delightful scenery that can be imagined. The views are Rocky Mountain region, but for quiet, simple beauty they cannot be surpassed. The principal lakes are three in number, the Upper, the Middle or Muckross, and the Lower or Lough Leane. They are connected by water courses of greater or less width and the distance from one extremity to the other is about 14 miles
All are studded with islands and at each turn a new view meets the enchanted beholder. A g fort distance east of the Muckross Abbey, a very interesting old ruin whose history dates far back into the past. There, on a lovely Sabbath in May, we worshiped. Nature preached the sermon, the winds played the organ, with the spirits of those devout old monks who ages ago bowed here, was the congregation. Who can say it was not a fitting service? On the island of Innisfallen in the Lower Lake, is found the remains of the Abbey of that name, one of the oldest in Ireland and which was at one time quite extensive. But little is now left of its former greatness. To the west of the lakes and about seven miles from the village of Killarney, i the Gap of Dunloe; a wild and rugged pass through the hills, rendered famou by the stories of Kate Karney, the Col een Bawn, etc. The entrance is reached

original Kate, invited us to take a glass of goat's milk with a "wee bit of poth-eon" in it; following the course of the river Loe, which widens into lakes at river Loe, which widens into lakes at several points, until we reach the "Black Lough," where St. Patrick is said to have shut up the last snake in Ireland in a

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1884.

arge iron bound box and cast it into the lake. As neither box or snake are at present to be found outside the lake it is evident that the story is a true one. A ittle farther on we come to the Colleen Bawn cottage and two or three miles be-yond we reach the Upper Lake, where a boat is awaiting us for a most enjoyable row, through all the lakes back to our hotel. Torc Cascade, at the root of Torc Mountain and only a short distance from the Middle Lake, is pointed out as one of the wonders of the place; but it is a diminutive affair at best. From a point farther up the mountain, however, a fine

view of the lakes may be obtained, which well repays the toil of making the ascent. Leaving Killarney, our next objective point was Dublin, necessitating a ride of about 200 miles, crossing the counties of Cork, Limerick, Tipperary, Queens and Kildare, some of the fairest portions of

As the city of Dublin is built on an immense plain, it presents few striking features from any of its approaches. It has a population of 400,000 and is a well and beautiful city. Its history dates back to the second century, when according to the few authorities obtaina-ble, a town was located here and was known to Ptolemy under the name of Eblana. Later on the Danes made this a stronghold and Brian Boru, Dermond M'Murrough and other Irish Chieftains disputed with them for its possession. In the twelfth century, Strongbow, an English soldier, held possession of it for some time, but all that now remains to his descents is the space occupied by his tomb in Christ Church Cathedral. tomb in Christ Church Cathedral. The river Liffey divides the city from east to west and is spanned by numorous bridges; its system of quays extending about two miles. The pride of Dublin is Trinity College, founded by Queen Elizabeth, in 1591 and which for nearly 300 years has been one of the standard educational institutions of western educational institutions of western Europe. The castle is still the chief seat of the Irish government, but it has lost its ancient form and is of but little interest. Near it stands Christ Church Cathedral, originally erected in the eleventh century by a Danish king, but rebuilt in the twelfth century by the English, under Stronbow. It has recently been restored as nearly as possible according to the original plan and is a fine specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. In this cathedral is the tomb of Strong-bow, together with many others of a bow, together with many others of a later date. St. Patrick's Cathedral was erected in the twelfth century on the site of an old church said to have been built by St. Patrick, in the fifth century, and the well from which the great apos-tle to the Irish baptised his first converts

s shown within the walls of the present recently restored and it is a noteworthy oincidence that while St. Patrick's was restored at a cost of about \$800,000, the expense being paid by a noted brewer of the city, Christ Church was restored at a cost of \$1,000,000, the expense being a cost of \$1,000,000, the expense being a cost of \$1,000,000, the expense being being the control of the control o paid by an equally noted distiller. Phoenix Park is one of the finest public parks in the Kingdom and is located northwest of the city. It comprises over 1,700 acres and is well laid out. It was the scene of the murder of Lord Caven-

dish the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Burke, about two years ago.

From Dublin to Belfast is a little more than a hundred miles, the road as far as will travel 190 feet an hour. Their fuzzy Dundalk being near the coast. At Drog-heda we pass near the scene of the location of the camps of William's army previous to the battle; the tree having een planted a short time after and the lifferent groves showing the location and

visions and brigades of the army. Belfast is without doubt the most pros-perous city in Ireland. It is the centre f the linen trade and its manufacturing interests are of great importance. Al hundreds of acres may be seen-covered of open air bleaching.

What school-boy, as he looked at the pictures of the Giant's Causeway in the llustrated geography of a few years ago really as they were represented; and as the trip from Belfast to the Causeway and return can be made in a day, we de Leaving Belfast at 6:00 a. m., we reach Portrush, the station for the Causeway at about nine o'clock. From Portrus the route lies for seven miles along the coast and can be traveled by either power for generating the electricity quired by the tramway being furnished by a fall near by. About half way between Portrush and the Causeway we pass the ruins of Dunluce Castle, at one time considered one of the strongest fortresses in this part of Ireland. It shads on a bold promontory overlooking by precipitous rocks. It is ecnnected with the mainland by a narrow causeway scarcely 30 inches wide, and, from its location, was considered nearly impreg-

"To-day, o'er all thy ruined towers, The flowers wave flags of truce; For time has proved thy conqueror And tamed thy strength, Dunluce."

The Giant's Causeway is nearly four miles beyond Dunluce and is fairly well represented by the pictures in the aforementioned geography. Columns of ba-saltic rock, fitted together like honey comb and rising at different angles in different localities, form a source of ad-miration and wonder for the tourist, as well as a puzzle for the scientist. The Causeway proper occupies several acres and is divided into three parts by veine of trap rock. The columns are of various sizes and range from three to nine sided the larger number being five, six or sever sided, and from eight inches to a foot in sided, and from eight inches to a foot in diamater. In the larger portion, known as the Great Causeway, there are about 40,000 columns and it is impossible to find three adjacent columns having the same number of sides. Certain portions of the formation which show a large vertical aurface have received fanciful names; such as the "Organ," the "Loom," etc. We were also shown the "Wishing Chair" and told the usual amcunt of the nonsense which guides arone have atoms where and strong heat and stout about 10 per such as a strong heat and stout about 10 per such as a strong heat and stout about 10 per such as a strong heat and stout atoms. amount of the nonsense which guides goose has a strong beak and stour persist in relating at such places. For wings, and can defend herself on the miles along the cosat, as well as at points on the western islands of Scotiand this fore, at night must perch above her eneformation can be seen and is one of the wonders of the geological world.

After satisfying ourself with the Cause-way, we return to Belfast, where we take the night steamer for Glasgow, expecting in the wiseat and clearest manner, and the night steamer for Glasgow, expecting to awake in the morning in the land of Scott and Burns. TRAVELLEB. [The above letter should have been rinted last week, but was handed in to

the printers through mistake. We shall endeavor to print them hereafter in the order in which they are written.—ED.]

Short Talk With the Boys.

BY M. QUAD.

"Now, my boy, let's look around us and find out something about every day life. Do you swim?"
"No."

"Then learn. Your father should offer you every advantage to practice this art until you are a good swimmer. Outside of the enjoyment of a bath, the swimmer is the one who ought to have the coolest head in case of an accident in the water. He can trust himself further in fishing, rowing and sailing, and will be offered more than one opportunity during his life-time of saving human life.

"It is well for a growing boy to take such exercise as will strengthen his muscle, but he must be cautious. Boxmuscles of the arms and back, but is quite apt to affect other parts. To be a good boxer is simply to have the satisfaction of pounding some one around a room Wrestling is daugerous, and the bars and trapeze result in broken limbs. Riding and walking are probably the safest and best exercise for a growing boy."

"See this water pitcher?"

"Of course."
"Well, what makes it so damp on the

"Don't know." "Easy enough my lad. The ice has cooled the pitcher until the moisture in the air is condensed on the outside. That's the way a pitcher or tumbler has

of perspiring."
"What made it rain yesterday?" "Because a storm came up."

That's not a fair answer. When tw clouds of unequal temperature unite, rain will fall. Clouds are masses of vapor, more or less saturated with water, and a soon as the cold condenses the air the water is squeezed out as from a sponge and we call it rain."

and we call it rain."

It is a queer boy who does not meet with an accident of some sort every week of his life. For a sprained ankle rub on whiskey or arnica. If cold water will whiskey or arnica. If cold water will not stop nose bleed, fold a piece of paper and place it between your teeth and upper lip. A few drops of cold water on the back of the neck will often prove a remedy. A cut finger will stop bleeding if you hold it in cold water. If you get dirt in your eyes rub toward the temple instead of the poss. instead of the nose.

A stone bruise should be poulticed

until soft enough to lance. If you can't swim remember to struggle as little as possible if you fall into the water. A common chair would float you all day, so long as you only rested your hands on it. Never carry a coin of any sort in your mouth. Enough grease and dirt can be washed off a seemingly clean quarter to discolor a pint of water.

Now let's see about some of the trifles

we never turn aside to investigate. A full grown grasshopper can jump 200 times his own length. If a man could jump in the same proportion as the "hop-per," he would cover a fifth of a mile. You have heard the expression, "Blind as a bat." Well, bats are not blind, any more than owls. The insects they feed nature in this?

The owl has been adopted as the The owl has been adopted as the emblem of wisdom, but there are a dozen wiser birds. He can fly in the full glare of midday, but like the bat he does his feeding at night, and, therefore, has his sharpest eyes after sundown.

A catipillar crawls so slowly that it

coat is their protection against certain enemies. He cannot slip into a hole, famous "Battle of the Boyne," and just like certain grubs and worms, but when beyond the river a large grove of trees consisting of many smaller groves is like a hedgehog, and even a robin makes

worker. If a man could carry as much in proportion as an ant he would have no trouble in shouldering a hogshead of no trouble in shouldering a hogshead of the most extraordinary is the manufac-sugar. One single ant will sustain the ture of cathedral windows. The discovweight of 21 others clinging to him to ery was made about fifteen years ago, but make a bridge. A strong man could not it is only within the last two years that a sustain the weight of two good sized boys

then at those of the hawk, and you will see more of nature's wisdom. The hawk has talons, so set as to fasten the more firmly with every effort of its victim to escape, while the partridge has nails for scratching among the leaves and grass after its food. One depends on his own efforts for his dinner; the other is supplied by nature with nuts and berries.

While the eagle is the king of birds, h

has ever been a fugitive from man. He is not as good a fisher as several other birds, and his size counts against him in swooping down for small game. He must live, not on what he originally captures, but by robbing other robbers. He has a sharper eye than any other known bird, and nature has so fixed it that he

to make the feet of all birds and fowls alike. Nature gave the eagle and hawk sharp beaks and hooked talons and extra strong wings. Where the eagle is ahead on vision the vulture beats him in sense of smell. The eagle prefers to kill his own meat; the vulture waits for his to die. The hen has no use for talons, be-cause she scratches the earth. The goose was not intended to scratch, but to secure food in a different way. Hence its longer neck, different bill and webbed feet. The crane is after still another sort of food, and instead of being a swimmer he can

take the medal at wading.

If you want a new straw hat just show me where nature has made a single mistake in the beast, bird, insect or reptile kingdom. You find every living thing working in its own way, and that way is

The ant is rapid on its legs and does not therefore require the spring of a grasshopper. The bestle goes knocking about haphazard and is therefore built so wings than his natural enemies. The goose has a strong beak and stout wings, and can defend herself on the

mies.

Follow the whole creation through and there is much to be learned by an o ing boy without going beyond the fly cleaning his wings on the window pane.

- It is estimated that the decrease in the public debt for the month of June in The Doctors Mistaken.

HARTFORD, CONN., June 30.—Dr. C. A. Taft, the leading homeopathic physician in Connecticut, who died Thursday, was supposed for years to have had only in early life by a pulmonary difficulty. Very soon after beginning practice he was sickly and puny, and Dr. Willard Parker, of New York, examined him and said that one lung was about gone and he could not live over six months. A leading Boston physician confir ed this opinion. Dr. Taft resolutely determined to live as long as possible, and began a course of generous living to make blood and tissues. Speaking of this period, he said some time ago to a friend: "I had a bottle of brandy at my plate at every dinner, and lived chiefly on rare beef steak. I got the reputation of being a confirmed drinker, but I saved my life. steak. I got the reputation of being a confirmed drinker, but I saved my life. I have gained sixty pounds, now weighing 186." Since those days he has not had to resort to just that arrangement, but he lived uncommonly well and had the reputation of providing the most bountiful dinners in Hartford. Upon his death the newspapers remerked upon his death the newspapers remarked upon the loss of one lung and expressed sur-prise that he could have lived to the age of sixty-four. Yesterday, as the result of an autopsy, it was found that both of dition, and that the trouble and cause of death was in the stomach, which had not ready to return as soon as dauger has assimilated gastric juices, so impending digestion finally that he literally starved to death. It is considered a notable case, when it is a well-adverted physician was be aver so independent but the to death. It is considered a notable case, showing that a well-educated physician. upon his own knowledge and ailed by the diagnosis of the best physicians in the country, was wholly mistaken as to the cause of his ills, and by a course of living designed to cure one serious difficulty, as he supposed, which did not exist,

A Fortune from an Accident.

he brought on gastric troubles which caused death at last.

Mr. B. F. Jones, of Pittsburg, the new hairman of the Republican National Committee, owes his fortune to his shrewdness in taking advantage of an accident. About 30 years ago one of the workmen in the rolling mill of his firm, then Jones & Lauth, got his heavy iron tongs, weighing about 50 pounds, fast to bar of hot iron. The bar was already n the jaws of the rapidly whirling rolls. There was no time to release the tongs, and they went through the rolls under ponderous pressure. Instead of being crushed and broken they came out at the other side flattened out of shape, no more use as tongs, but a bar of iron of a high polish and changed texture. The firm made no fuss about it, but had a quiet consultation among themselves.
They set to work analyzing and experimenting. The result was that instead of a discharge the workman who let the tongs go through cold got a bonus of \$20,000, and instead of the little onehorse rolling mill the present immense plant was constructed. It is valued at \$7,000,000. It makes cold rolled iron under an exclusives patent at an immense profit, and the long head of the lucky firm, who was to-day made Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a millionaire about ten times over. At the time the tongs got fast he kept the books and his partner looked after the mill. Mr. Lauth retired from the firm some years ago, and when the patent on the cold rolled process was re-issued received \$100,000 from the new

What is Made from Paper.

One of the most remarkable uses which paper has been put to of late years is the manufacture of zylonite, a substance which at the will of the manufacturer, a wry face in gulping him down.

which at the will of the manufacturer, may be made in imitation of horn, rubber, gard was invited to consider, is a hard ivory, tortoise shells, amber and even glass. The uses to which zylonite are adaptable are almost infinite, but perhaps company has been formed for its manufacture. The basis of zylonite is a plain hard in proportion as an ant he would chew up paving stones and scrap iron without giving him the toothache.

Look at the fect of the partridge and then at those of the hawk and results to a bath of sulphuric and other acids, undergoing a chamical standard white tissue paper made from cotton and linnen rags. The paper is treated first to a bath of sulphuric and other acids, undergoing a chamical standard white tissue paper made from cotton and linnen rags. other acids, undergoing a chemical change. The acid is then carefully washed out and the paper treated with another preparation of alcohol and camphor, assuming an appearance very much like parchment. It is then capable of being worked up into plates of any thickness, rendered almost perfect transparent, lieve us or not, but we hope to die if he or given any of the brilliant colors that didn't scalp her. The whole business silk will take. It is much more flexible came off, and then she saw that Charlie silk will take. It is much more flexible than either horn or ivory and less brittle. Combs or other articles made in imita-tion of tortoise-shell are said to be so perfect in appearance as to deceive the eye of the most practiced workman in that The difference in the matesubstance. rial can be detected only by tests.

Marrying a Deaf and Dumb Man.

A very singular marriage was one which took place at Leicester, in the eightieth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, between Thomas Rilsby, a deaf and dumb man, and Ursula Bridget, a hearing and talkative spinster. As the prayer book required that the promises of marriage should be exchanged in spoken words, the clergy and civil authorities of Leicester were unable to say how this dumb man could be satisfactorily this dumb man could be satisfactorily married. In their perplexity they appealed to the Bishop of London, who, with the help of another member of the clergy, devised a marriage service by signs. The bride made her promises in the usual manner, and the groom did his part thus: "Having first embraced Ursula with his arms, he took her by the hand and put the nuptial ring on her finger. He then laid his right hand significantly upon his heart, and afterward, putting their palms heart, and afterward, putting their palms together, extended both of his hands to heaven. Having thus sued for the divine blessing, he declared his purpose to dwell with Ursula till death should separate them, by closing his eyelids with his ingers, digging the earth with his feet, as though he wished to make a hole in the ground, and then moving his arms and body as though he were tolling a funeral bell."

- In Sweden when a man has been loss of his privilege of voting for local

— It is stated that the people of this country consume patent medicines to the amount of \$200,000,000 every year. That is four dollars worth to every man, woman and child in the land.

The Southern Negro's Dog.

When you come to study the matter you will find just as much difference between the southern negro's dog and the white man's deg, as there is between

a canine owned by a negro and one which comes when a Senator snaps his fingers. The Southern colored man who is too poor to have a mule, ox, pig, fowls, doors, windows, or fire-place in his cabin, has a dog—sometimes four or five. When he comes to town at least one follows him. When you pass his home the whole family of canines bark at you

to realize that he isn't "purty," and he behaves accordingly. He is almost in-variably of a dun-color. He sidles along where other dogs trot, and if he isn't stump-tailed he is a lucky canine. He follows along in a humble manner, as if begging pardon for being on earth, and the smallest whiflet can scare him until

his eyes stand out like peeled onions.
You never see one misbehave in town.
He sits under the wagon, if there is one;
if not he follows him to be headed. of an autopsy, it was found that both of his lungs were in a perfectly healthy conmay be ever so independent, but the dog has no business on earth. He is an interloper. He feels this, and he slinks and slouches, and if perchance he happens to utter a bark as a stranger rides up he is at once selzed with the most dreadful remorse, and away he goes for the swamps to do pennance and convince himself that it was purely accidental.—

Detroit Free Press.

Henry Clay's Heroic Son.

"Do you know what killed Henry Clay?" my genial Kentucky story-teller asked me the o'her day. "If not, I will tell you. He died of a broken heart, not because he lost the Presidency, but his son, Henry Clay, Jr., was his father's idol. He was sent to West Point, where idol. He was sent to West Point, where he graduated second in the class. After four months in the army he resigned, and began practicing law in Lexington, living with his father at Ashland. Not a young man in Kentucky promised better things than he did. When the ed to go. His father made no objection, and he went as Lieutenant-Colonel of the first Kentucky regiment. At the battle of Buena Vists, Santa Anna, with 32,000 troops, nearly overwhelmed General Taylor, with about one-eighth that number. Clay fought hard, but, as his regiment was falling back, a shot went through both legs. He was not mortally wounded, and three men picked him up to convey him off the field. It soon became evident that the Mexicans would overtake them. "Save yourselves, hoys," he said, and taking the pistol which his father had given him, he handed it to one of the men with the words, "Take this, and return it to my father. him I have no further use for it." that they dropped him and ran after the retreating troops. The last they saw of Clay he was lying on his back, fighting a squad of Mexicans with his sword. Next morning his body was found, hacked to pieces and mutilated by the cowards who had killed him. The lists of the cowards who had killed him. The pistol came to his father, then a Senator, and, though he lived several years after. I am con-Cincinnati News-Journal.

A young man was ushered into the parlor, where sat his adored one. She was gazing soulfully into the fire thinking of him, no doubt, but not dreaming of his presence. He tip-toed his ap-proach, and slyly seizing a stragling hair, which coyly nestled in its blonde beauty on the scruff of her round neck, gently twiched it, and waited for the start and maidenly blush, a pleasant surprise.
Again he drew it toward him, and again
did the fair one continue to look in the fire. "Dear girl she knows not of my presence," he murmured to himself. "How glad she will be to discover her Charles so close behind her! I will end this suspense;" and gently lifting an auburn curl from the sloping shoulders, he tweaked as only a ford layer can tweak; and, gentle reader, you can bewas there. Shall we draw a veil over the dreadful picture? By no means. Charles know that she wore false hair. it. Besides the girl was turning thirty and worth millions. Charles was poor, but dead in love. A poor young man madly in love with a girl worth millions is never a kicker.—Every Sunday Morning.

A Republican Ple Story.

Blaine used to tell a story to express the feelings of Republicans toward the Administration of Mr. Hayes, but it applies better to their feelings regarding his own nomination. A party of young men were camping out in the Maine words. One was selected to cook, and it was agreed that the first man who complained of the cuisine should assume the duties of cook himself. The fare was simply atrocious, but all held their peace with an effort. One day some pie was served that was thought more villianous than anything that had gone before it. The man at the head of the table looked around upon the facetable. table looked around upon the faces of his companions, and it occurred to him that a condition nearer skin to rebellion was a condition nearer skin to rebellion was pictured upon the face of his vis-a-vis than upon the countenance of any other of the unfortunates. Addressing him sweetly, he said: "What do you think of this pie?" With the utmost emphasis the reply cama; "I think it is about the blank blankedest pie that I ever—" And then the recollection of the agreement fashed across the appears and with a beaming countenance and tone of demo-niac delight, he bastened to add: "But I

— A man in Birmingham, England, roposes to live a month on cold tea.

— A mule with five legs has been born in Alabama. We shall look for a large falling off in the population of that State within the next aix or eight years.

That is four dollars worth to every man, woman and child in the land.

There is many a man with a fine classical or business education vainly seeking for bread, but who ever saw an industrious, temperate, first-class engineer, or mechanic in that fix; any man who has a thorough mechanical education, or training, and who is out of work and unable to succeed in the world, is lacking in something, for the world has need of such men every day and a place for them to fill.

within the next six or eight years,

"There, Frances, you've caught author cold, and I'll warrant you caught it when you were out walking with Joe last night." "Oh, no, mother! I couldn't have caught it then, 'cause we didn't walk fast enough to catch anything; in fact, we just set down on the stile and studied astronomy!" "And did you have anything around you, my dear!" "Oh, so, indeed I did! Joe's always particular about that; be won't allow me to sit down anything around me.'